

Keep. And hang for't afterward.

Pal. By this good light
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

Keep. Why my Lord?

Pal. Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.

Keep. Indeede you must my Lord.

Pal. May I see the garden?

Keep. Noe.

Pal. Then I am resolu'd, I will not goe.

Keep. I must constraîne you then; and for you are danger
Hee clap more yrons on you.

Pal. Doe good keeper.

Hee shake 'em so, ye shall not sleepe,
Hee make ye a new Morrice, must I goe?

Keep. There is no remedy.

Pal. Farewell kinde window.

May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.

Scena 3. Enter Arcite.

Arcite. Banish'd the kingdom? tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thanke 'em for, but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a studdied punishment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never plucke upon me, *Palamon*;
Thou ha'st the Start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall:
Good gods? what happines has *Palamon*?
Twenty to one, hee'll come to speake to her,
And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,

I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Con
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,
And no redresse there, if I goe, he has her.
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:
Hee see her, and be neere her, or no more.

Enter 4. Country people, & one with a garland before

1. My Masters, he be there that's certaine.

2. And he be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a ch
Let the plough play to day, hee tick'le out
Of the lades talle to morrow.

1. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
But that's all one, hee goe through, let her mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and floa her
And all's made up againe.

3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fist, and you shall
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arcas* will be there.

2. And *Sennois*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danced under gro
And yet know what wenches: ha?

But will the dainty *Domine*, the Schoolemaster ke
Doe you thinke: for hee do's all ye know.

3. Hee'll eate a hornebooke ere hee falle; got too
ter's too farre driven betwene him, and the Tanner
ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and
daunce too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th bree